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(*For the Saturday Press*)

WESTERN SKETCHES.

The West is a great place.

If any one disbelieves this proposition let him ask Hon. Schuyler Colfax.

The recent trip of this great and good man across the continent has been productive of many results.

1st, It has elected him Speaker of the House of Representatives.

2d, It has enabled several of his companions in the route to support themselves and their families during the cold winter by lecturing.

3d, It has given employment to numerous newspaper correspondents, who are now rushing westward, writing innumerable letters home under the signature of "Our Special Correspondent" (queer that they should all select the same nom de plume).

4th, and lastly, It has the Pacific railroad.

True, the cars are not running yet, but half a dozen companies have been formed and it is thought that the farmers and Indians along the route may be induced to take stock enough to pay the directors, and enable them to retire, and this is, as the public well know, one of the first necessities in a railroad.

In view of the advantages to the country growing out of the Pacific railroad, I have undertaken to look up a few facts in regard to the country through which the road passes, as I find on consulting the maps of the proposed routes, that though the projectors have taken the utmost pains to run their lines through every city that lay anywhere near the route, still a large part of the track will be obliged to lie out in the open air, and part of it will run through a howling wilderness which, it is thought, will present attractions in the musical line unsurpassed by any other line of travel in the world.

This part of the road will be enlivened by the weekly publication of the DESERET NEWS, a journal issued in the very heart of the great American Sahara. Its readers are the Aborigines.

It is supported by the advertisements of runaway horses, the Indians taking this method of catching mustangs.

They adopted the plan, together with many other pernicious habits, from contact with white traders.

The Indians are a remarkable race.

Most of them are copperheads.

Their habits are peculiar.

When pressed by hunger they hunt the roving buffalos and plunder wagon trains.

At other times they subsist by drawing rations from the United States government.

Their amusements are fighting and scalping each other, in which many of them are expert.

I have been thus minute and particular because I wish to lay before the readers of the PRESS the very newest facts in relation to the scenery and ground through which Speaker Colfax and the Pacific railroad must pass.

For the purpose of insuring greater accuracy, I have bought all the maps of the day, struck off in popular form, most of them containing the battle-fields of the rebellion done in red ink, with wood cuts of the Union generals for a border; and I have consulted all the books written on the subject, and even went so far as to hunt up and read the letters that the distinguished speaker's friends sent home and had published, requiring a degree of research and pertinence that is absolutely appalling.

From all of these sources I have obtained the following facts that the public may rely upon as correct.

As to the route.

The road will start from some point on the Atlantic seaboard, either from New York city, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or some other place.

It will then run westward.

This point has been settled definitely.

It will pass through Pittsburg, Cincinnati, along the southern shore of Lake Erie, and then will be tenderly conducted straight to Chicago, where it will remain on exhibition for two weeks.

It will then be taken to St. Louis, and from thence by the shortest way direct to the Pacific coast by way of Salt Lake, so that passengers buying through tickets will be allowed to stop over and see the saints. The topography of this interesting country through which the road passes is exceedingly wild and beautiful, consisting of an immense plain, inhabited by Indians, buffaloes, and wild horses yet in a state of nature, and consequently offering great inducements to our manufacturers for rope halters.

The white inhabitants along the route are widely scattered, and very tall and thin, as the country is so flat, and they so far apart that it keeps each one of them on "a continual stretch" to see his neighbors.

They are called squatters, from a habit that they have acquired of sitting about a fire on cold nights.

A great many of these people settled in Kansas a short time ago.

Some of them took to robbing bird's nests (a most reprehensible practice, much condemned in "Books for Children"), and were on that account called "Jay Hawkers."

The others were known as "Broider Ruf flins," probably from a custom of theirs of wearing a fringe about the bottom of their nether garment.

As these people let their cattle run wild along the line of the road they can doubtless be induced "to take stock in it," without much persuasion in return, for which they can be appointed brakesmen, switchtenders, etc..

I have thus given a few faint outlines of this gigantic project, destined at no distant day to be carried into successful operation.

It is a little singular that we have heard but little about it recently.

In the time of our forefathers it was much discussed, but when the government, with characteristic liberality, ordered an individual to start a pony express through to California that was found abundantly sufficient to carry the mails, and the females can walk.

It is best, however, to keep a vigilant eye open on these people, and this road, and if anything else happens the public shall know it.

STIPPS.

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

ON A FARM.

II.

Burlington, N. J., Dec. 28, 1865.

DEAR PRESS:—

One of my first endeavors after I had got myself somewhat established here was to procure a good watch-dog.

Horses, cows, corn, pigs and chickens (particularly chickens) are apt to take to themselves wings and fly away, if one lives in the neighborhood of a thriving little place like Burlington.

Not that I would say anything against the morality of Burlington.

The Quakers forbid!

But a watch-dog is a good thing to have in the country.

So I secured a superior second hand dog-kennel.

Also, I purchased a collar and a chain.

Then I began to look about for a dog.

It was quickly known about the [illegible] stables in B. that I was in want of a faithful animal to guard my premises, and soon I had various tempting offers.

I hastily supposed there were so many dogs in the country as were presented to my consideration.

Just you go into a small place and let the inhabitants know you are in want of a faithful hound (or ony other dog) and see what comes of it!

It isn't pleasant.

One doesn't like to refuse so many self-sacrificing friends, all of whom offer you (out of pure kindness) such superior brutes, dog-cheap.

I will not weary you with a catalogue of my offers.

They embraced every variety of mongrel known to the canine race.

At length, I fixed upon one, a gaunt, heavy, brawny, bony, cadiverous beast, standing about as high as an ordinary dining table, with a head the size (and something the shape) of a large ham, and an expression of utter indifference to everything in the world.

I selected him because the owner said he was worth twenty-five dollars, but that I might have him for ten.

Also, that he was a No. 1, A I, copper bottomed and warranted watch-dog.

I didn't like his looks, so I only took him on trial.

I drove into town with my carriage (that's what I call my Jersey wagon) for him, and two men helped me to lift the brute in.

I think nothing short of ten pounds of porter-house steak would have induced that sulky beast to *jump* into anything.

Then I took him home and chained him to his kennel.

Also I fed him.

If I had kept that dog till to-day, dear Press, I think I should have been writing you from the Alms-house.

I have seen dogs eat before, but never, never have I seen dog eat like that dog.

Presently he became weary of the labor of mastication, and slumbered.

After a time, the night fell.

"Now," I said to myself, "will be the time to test my watch-dog."

It was a dark night.

Every available cloud obscured the moon, and the wind sobbed and moaned like an ailing infant.

It was just the night, in fact, for thieves.

So I tested my dog.

I began by throwing stones and brickbats at the kennel.

This proving ineffectual, I pounded gently upon its sides with a stick of wood.

I redoubled my blows, "cussing" a little in what I supposed might be the manner of a marauding blackguard, who knows the folks are asleep, and *don't* know they keep a dog.

Then I upset the kennel from over the faithful creature's head.

Finally, after I had set fire to the straw the creature was snoozing on, he condescended to take some little notice of my polite efforts to entertain him.

My dog rolled over on the straw, put the fire out, wagged his tail feebly, and, after a gentle yawn, went peacefully to sleep again!

"Clearly," I said, "this dog won't do."

So in the morning I took him back.

He was willing, and I was glad.

He knew who fed dogs on good beef, and he returned to my "humanity."

He kept retching.

It would be needless to relate how many times I made myself ridiculous whipping that dog round my horse's legs in the streets of Burlington, when I had driven in with him, and he didn't wish to leave me.

He had a way of eluding the lash and keeping the horse between me and him that was tantalising beyond description.

He was an affectionate and faithful dog, and loved his master.

His former owner finally, on my threatening to shoot the creature otherwise, managed to get rid of him in some way, and that was the end of *him*.

I have got a *good* dog, at last.

Perhaps I will tell you of him in my next.

WARREN.

THE STORY OF PIUS ÆNEAS.

BY MARK TAPLEY.

When pius Æneas was a boy—a good little boy—he lived in Rome, and did as the Romans do.

His parents were members of that respectable but old-fashioned portion of the community known as heathens.

They worshipped more Gods than one, you know, and had little household divinities, who stood in the corners, looked after the sweepings, superintended the servants, and helped the bread to rise.

These minor deities were called Lares.

They were not worshipped in big churches, with steeples made of cords of greenbacks; nor were fairs and festivals and raffings, and maskerade parties made in their honor; nor did wide-mouthed Professors deliver lectures for their benefit.

On the contrary, they had modest little altars set away in the corners, on which modest little offerings were made of fruit and flowers.

However, a great deal of respect was paid to the little Lares, their opinions were highly venerated, and their wrath deprecated beyond measure.

Being uncertain how much they could do, people gave them credit for being able to do a great deal.

It is always well enough to be on the safe side.

— Now little boys, however good, are ometimes exposed to temptation, which often comes to them in a form so cruelly enticing that resistance is not possible.

Pius Æneas was no exception to this rule.

His parents had a remarkably clever Lar, who, as he always gave them the best of good luck with their pies and cakes and things, was treated with the highest consideration.

They didn't put him off with scraps and parings.

On the contrary, they gave him a little of [illegible] everything.

Fruit is its own reward.

Old Æneas prospered in all his undertakings, and was talked of for Mayor of the city.

One day the Lar's altar contained a remarkably choice offertory: some of those fine Marmanian apples which grew in the neighborhood of Aquileia.

Pius Æneas saw the apples.

He looked at the Lar.

"Are you hungry, good little Lar?" asked Pius Æneas.

The good little Lar made no answer, and did not eat his apples.

The Lar was not hungry, then.

Pius Æneas was.

It was a terrible temptation.

The only restraining force was fear of the Lar's vengeance.

A fly lit on one of the apples, and sucked away merrily.

The good little Lar did not molest it.

"Good little Lar!" said Pius Æneas.

He took one of the apples.

And ate it!

He ate another—another—all four of them!

The Lar didn't say a word.

Pius Æneas' mother—old Mrs. Æneas—did, though.

She caught him in the act of the last apple, trounced him unmercifully, and took him off to bed, although it was scarcely mid-day.

"You bad, you wretched, you unhappy doomed boy!" shrieked old Mrs. Æneas, "you have offended the Lar! you have brought sacrilege and impiety within our door.—*Abeit cuss!* may the curse not light upon you! But it will. You will be judged, Bad luck will come to you forever! You will choke in eating—stub your toes in walking—cut your fingers in whittling——"

And she rated Pius Æneas in such a fearful style that he felt himself to be in peril of his life, and cried aloud in his terror.

The worst of it was, he did not know what sort of punishment the Lar intended to inflict upon him, nor when that punishment was to begin.

The day was over, and night came,—the punishment not having begun.

Between his four apples, and his increasing apprehensions, Pius Æneas couldn't go to sleep.

Towards midnight the thought struck him that as the Lar hadn't come to visit him, he would go take a peep at the Lar, to see what that terrible divinity was about, and what preparations he was making to punish the sacrilegious pilferer of his apples.

He crept along towards the altar, and, in the bright moonlight, he saw——

— The sleekest, most prosperous, shrewdest slave in the family of Pius Æneas was a half-blood Greek, by name Dolon.

— Well, Pius Æneas saw Dolon at the Lar's altar.

And Dolon was eating the evening meal offering which Mrs. Æneas had put upon the altar.

Eating, picking his teeth, and smacking his lips!

Pius Æneas crept back to bed again, never saying a word, but thinking extensively.

— After that, Pius Æneas was never

known to be hungry—provided there was anything on the good little Lar's altar.

He always preserved the utmost decorum about it, however, and was particularly careful not to be caught by old Mrs. Æneas.

He conformed very strictly, and so it came to pass that he was universally known as *pius* Æneas.

So great was his reverance for the Gods, particularly the Lares.

When pius Æneas grew up he turned his thoughts to the priesthood; entered the sacred College; became a Flamen of Jupiter Capitolinus.

And lived on the fat of the land.

In good time pius Æneas grew to be Pontifex Maximus.

Thus established in an orthodox and unassailable position, pius Æneas turned his attention to philosophy.

He wrote a book in defence of the doctrines of that high old liver—that *foie gras*—Epicurus.

Thereupon the world wagged its head, and cried out: "See what a skeptic our Pontifex is become!"

But the Pontifex explained very learnedly that there was an essential distinction between the exoteric and the esoteric.

His book pertained to the esoteric.

The world could not understand the explanation, but was satisfied with the fact of a Pontifex Maximus having deigned *to* explain.

— One day, however, an ardent young neophyte, asked the Pontifex to tell him what his book meant?

— "My son," said the Pontiff, smiling benignantly upon him, "in my infancy I was whipped for eating the Lar's good things."

"Well?" said the neophyte.

"Well, that led me to investigate matters."

"Well?"

"Well —— here I am, supreme Pontiff!"

"But, do you believe?"

The Pontiff shrugged his shoulders.

— It is a pity this well-meaning but skeptical priest had not lived in our day.

If he had had that good fortune, he would have been able to read the "Round Table."

And the "Round Table" would unquestionably have converted him.

SAYINGS OF JOSH BILLINGS.

"Early impreshuns, are the most lastiag"—the fust kiss, and the fust licking, cum under this hed.

Things that are writ for bread, are apt tew taste ov the emptings.

Reputashun iz a good deal like a bond fire, yu hav got tew keep pileing on the shavings.

If you dont, the flame will soon subdew.

I waz onse asked if mi fourfathers waz Englishmen.

I told the illiterate cuss, who propagated the question, that i didn't hav but one father, and he waz strictly ov the Massachewsetts purswashun.

Good wit, iz sumthing like good luck,—the more soon and unexpekted it iz, the better.

They tell ov a feller out west, who kant wear enny stockings,—his feet are so big, he has tew wear sockriddlegate.

Them who make the most blow, hav the least fragrance,—it is jest so withe the hollerhauk.

The best edukashun a man receives in this life, he gits just before he dize and it mostly consists in forgetting what he haz larnt before.

The world looks with kold respeck upon an ackt ov justiss, but heave up their hats at a display ov mersy.

Yet the one, iz the strength ov virtue, while the other, iz most often its greatesst weakness.

A mind that haz more imaginashun than sense is like a goose,—fust rate tew fli down hill.

I dont think the world haz enny Civilizashun tew spare, but i think she haz more than she kan manage well.

Poetri, tew be excellent, wants tew be like natur, but about 4 times az big.

COLDSTREAM.

BY HERBERT VAUGHAN.

A large party is assembled to celebrate the feast of St. Partridge at Ravelstoke Hall, an old country-house about two miles distant from the northwest coast of Devon. The various branches of English Society are very fairly represented by its component parts. There are two peers, three members of the lower house, some Guardsmen, some undergraduates, a clergyman, and a lieutenant in the navy. But our hero is not a representative man; yet he belongs to a class which, called into existence by the accumulated wealth of the nineteenth century, is ever on the increase.

Frederick Tyrawley resembles Sir Charles Coldstream, inasmuch as he has been everywhere, and done everything; but he is by no means used up, and can still take an interest in whatever his hand finds to do. Nor is his everything everybody else's everything. It is not bounded by Jerusalem and the pyramids.

Mr. Tyrawley has fought in more than one State of South America, and has wandered for more than two years from isle to isle of the Pacific. A mysterious reputation hovers round him. He is supposed to have done many things, but no one is very clear what they are; and it is not likely that much information on the point will be obtained from him, for he seldom talks much, and never speaks of himself. His present mission appears to be to kill partridges, play cricket, and dress himself. Not that it must be supposed that he has ever been in the habit of wearing less clothing than the custom of the country in which he may have been located required; but only that at the present time he devoted much attention to buff waistcoats and gauze neckties, braided coats, and curled mustachios.

Such as he is, however, he is an object of interest to the feminine portion of the party at Ravelstoke Hall; for he is rich and handsome, as well as mysterious, and he cannot be more than two-and-thirty. And the ladies at Ravelstoke outnumbered the men, for although it is still rare for the fair sex to participate actively in the saturnalia of the partridge-god, they will always be found hovering in considerable numbers on the outskirts of the feast; and the varieties of the British lady are fairly represented.

There are some mammas with daughters to marry, and there are some daughters with a mamma to prevent marrying again,—which is, perhaps, the most difficult thing of the two, as she has an income in her own right. There are blondes and brunettes, and pretty, brown-haired, brown-eyed girls who hover between the two orders, and combine the most dangerous characteristic of both, who can wear both blue and pink, and who look prettier in the one color than they do in the other; but who always command your suffrage in favor of that which they are wearing when you look at them.

And there is Constance Baynton with gray eyes and black hair. And the nicest critic of feminine appearance might be defied to state what she had worn, half an hour after he left her; for no one can ever look at anything except her face.

Yet Constance is three-and-twenty, and still unmarried. Alas, what cowards men are The fact is that Constance is very clever; but as Mrs. Mellish (the widow) says, "not clever enough to hide it."

Is she a little vexed at her present condition? Certainly she does not exhibit any tendency to carry out Mrs. Mellish's suggestion, if it has ever been repeated to her. The young men are more afraid of her than ever; and certainly she does say very sharp things, sometimes. Especially she is severe upon idlers, the butterflies of fashionable existence. She appears to consider that she has a special mission to arouse them; but they do not appear to like being lectured. With the young ladies she is a great favorite, for she is very affectionate; and though so beautiful and distinguished, she has proved herself to be not so dangerous a rival as might have been expected. Indeed, it has happened, more than once, that male admiration, rebounded from the hard surface of her manner, has found more yielding metal in the bosoms of her particular friends. Besides, she is always ready to lead the van in the general attack upon the male sex, when the ladies retire to the drawing-room.

Not that she ever says anything behind their backs she would not be ready to repeat to their faces; but in that course probably she would not meet with such general support.

In Mr. Tyrawley she affected to disbelieve. She stated as her opinion to her intimate friends, that she didn't believe he ever had done, or ever would do anything worth doing; but that he plumed himself on a cheap reputation, which, as all were ignorant of its foundation, no one could possibly impugn.

There is reason to believe that in this instance Miss Constance was not as conscientious as usual, but that she really entertained a higher opinion of the gentleman than she chose to confess. He certainly was not afraid of her, and had even dared to contradict her favorite theory of the general worthlessness of English gentlemen of the nineteenth century. It was one wet morning when she had been reading Scott to three or four of her particular friends,—and it must be confessed that she read remarkably well,—that she be

gan to lament the decline of chivalry. Tyrawley was sitting half in and half out of range. Perhaps she talked a little at him. At any rate he chose to accept the challenge.

"I cannot agree with you, Miss Baynton," he said. "It is true we no longer wear ladies' gloves in our helmets, nor do we compel harmless-individuals, who possibly may have sweethearts of their own, to admit the superiority of our ladylove at the point of the lance; but of all that was good in chivalry, of courage, truth, honor, enterprise, self-sacrifice, you will find as much in the nineteenth century as in the twelfth."

He brightened up as he spoke, and it was quite evident that he believed what he said, a circumstance which always gives an advantage to a disputant.

More than one pair of bright eyes smiled approval, and Miss Constance saw a probability of a defection from her ranks. She changed her tactics.

"You are too moderate in your claims for your cotemporaries, Mr. Tyrawley. If I remember right, modesty has always been considered a qualification of a true knight."

"I am not ashamed to speak the truth," he replied; "your theory would have been more tenable before the days of the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny; but the men who lit their cigars in the trenches of the Redan, and who carried the gate of Delhi, may bear comparison with Bayard, or Cœur de Lion."

"Oh! I do not allude to our soldiers," said she: "of course, I know they are brave; but," —and here she hesitated a moment, till possibly piqued because her usual success had not attended her in the passage of arms, she concluded,—"but to our idle gentlemen, who seem to have no heart for anything."

Tyrawley smiled. "Possibly you may judge too much by the outside," he said. "I am inclined to fancy that some of those whom you are pleased to call idle gentlemen would be found to have heart enough for anything that honor, or duty, or even chivalry could find for them to do."

"I hope you are right," said Miss Constance, with a slightly perceptible curl of her upper lip, which implied that she did not think so.

Tyrawley bowed, and the conversation terminated a few minutes afterwards; when he had left the room, the conversation of the young ladies was interrupted by Master George Baynton, aged fourteen, who suddenly attacked his sister.

"I think you are wrong, you know, when you call Tyrawley a humbug."

"My dear," said Constance, with a start, "I never said anything so ru—."

"Well, you implied it, you know, in your girl's words, and I think you make a mistake; for he can shoot like one o'clock, never misses a thing, and I hear he can ride no end. He was rather out of practice in his cricket when he came down; but he is improving every day. You should have seen the hit he made yesterday—right up to the cedars."

"Do you think there is nothing else for a man to do but ride, and shoot, and play cricket?"

"Oh! that's all very well; but you should hear what Merton, our second master, says; and a great brick he is, too. 'Whatever you do, do it as well as you can, whether it's cricket or verses.' And I believe if Tyrawley had to fight, he'd go in and win, and no mistake."

"Ah!" said Constance, with a sigh, "he has evidently—what is it you boys call it?—tipped you, isn't it?"

Indignant at this insult, George walked off to find his friend, and have a lesson in billiards.

The day lingered on, after the usual fashion of wet days in September in full country-houses. There was a little dancing after dinner; but all retired early in hopes of a finer day on the morrow.

Tyrawley had some letters to write, so that it was past two before he thought of going to bed. He always slept with his window open, and as he threw up the sash, a fierce gust of wind blew out his candles, and blew down the looking-glass.

"Pleasant, by Jove!" he soliloquised. "I wonder whether its smashed—unlucky to break a looking-glass—I'm hanged if I know where the matches are: never mind; I can find my way to bed in the dark. What a night!" as a flash of lightning illumined the room for a moment, and he bent out of the window. "The wind must be about nor-nor-west. Cheerful for anything coming up to Bristol from the southward. I wonder what a storm is like on this coast. I have a great mind to go and see. I shall never be able to get that hall-door open without waking them up; what a nuisance! Stay, capital idea! I'll go by the window."

Before starting on his expedition, he changed the remains of his evening dress (for he had been writing in his dressing-gown) for a flannel shirt and trousers, whilst a short pea-jacket and glazed hat completed his array. His room was on the first floor, and he had intended to drop from the window-sill; but the branch of an elm came so near, he found that unnecessary, as springing to it he was on the ground, like a cat, in an instant. He soon found his way across country, "like a bird," to the edge of the cliff. The sea for miles seemed one sheet of foam.

But a flash of lightning discovered a group of figures about a quarter of a mile distant; and he distinguished shouts in the intervals of the storm.

He was soon amongst them, and he found that all eyes were turned on a vessel which had struck on a rock within two hundred yards of the cliff. It was evident that she would go to pieces under their very eyes.

"Is there no way of opening communication with her?" he asked of an old coast-guard man.

"Why, ye see, sir, we have sent to Bilford for Manby's rockets; but she must break up before they come."

"How far is it to Bilford?"

"Better than seven mile, your honor."

"If we could get a rope to them, we might save the crew?"

"Every one of them, your honor; but it ain't possible."

"I think a man might swim out."

"The first wave would dash him to pieces against the cliff."

"What depth of water below?"

"The cliff goes down like a wall, forty fathom, at least."

"The deeper the better. What distance to the water?"

"A good fifty feet."

"Well, I have dived off the main-yard of the Chesapeake. Now listen to me. Have you got some light, strong rope?"

"As much as you like."

"Well, take a double coil round my chest, and do you take care to pay it out fast enough as I draw upon it."

"You won't draw much after the first plunge; it will be the same thing as suicide, every bit."

"Well, we shall see. There's no time to be lost; lend me a knife."

And in an instant he whipped off his hat, boots, and pea-jacket; then with the knife he cut off its sleeves and passed the rope through them, that it might chafe him less.

The eyes of the old boatman brightened. There was evidently a method in his madness. "You are a very good swimmer, I suppose, sir?"

"I have dived through the surf at Nukuheva a few times."

"I never knew a white man that could do that.

Tyrawley smiled. "But whatever you do," he said, "mind and let me have plenty of rope. Now out of the way, my friends, and let me have a clear start."

He walked slowly to the edge of the cliff, looked over to see how much the rock shelved outwards; then returned, looked to see that there was plenty of rope for him to carry out, then took a short run, and leaped as if from the springing-board of a plunging-bath. He touched the water full five-and-twenty feet from the edge of the cliff. Down into its dark depth he went, like a plummet, but soon to rise again. As he reached the surface he saw the crest of a mighty wave a few yards in front of him—the wave that he had been told was to dash him lifeless against the cliff. But now his old experience of the Pacific stands him in good stead. For two moments he draws breath, then, ere it reaches him, he dives below its centre. The water dashes against the cliff, but the swimmer rises far beyond it. A faint cheer rises from the shore as they feel him draw upon the rope. The waves follow in succession, and he dives again and again, rising like an otter to take breath, making very steadily onward, though more below the water than above it.

We must now turn to the ship. The waves have made a clean breach over her bows. The crew are crowded upon the stern. They hold on to the bulwarks, and await the end, for no boat can live in such a sea. Suddenly she is hailed from the waters. "Ship a-hoy!" shouts a loud clear voice, which makes itself heard above the storm. "Throw me a rope or a buoy!" The life-buoy was still hanging in its accustomed place by the mainmast. The captain almost mechanically takes it down, and with well-directed aim throws it within a yard or two of the swimmer. In a moment it is under his arms, and in half a minute he is on board.

"Come on board, sir," he says to the captain, pulling one of his wet curls professionally. The captain appeared to be regarding him as a visitor from the lower world; so, turning to the crew, he lifted up the rope he had brought from the shore. Then for the first time the object of his mission flashed upon their minds, and a desperate cheer broke forth from all hands, instantly reëchoed from the shore. Then a strong cable is attached

to the small rope and drawn on board—then a second—and the communication is complete. But no time is to be lost, for the stern shows signs of breaking up, and there is a lady passenger. Whilst the captain is planning a sort of chair in which she might be moved, Tyrawley lifts her upon his left arm, steadies himself with his right by the upper rope, and walks along the lower as if he had been a dancer. He is the first on shore, for no sailor would leave till the lady was safe. But they soon follow, and in five minutes the ship is clear—five minutes more, and no trace of her is left.

Ravelstoke Hall has been aroused by the news of the wreck, and Mr. Ravelstoke has just arrived with brandy and blankets. Him Tyrawley avoids; and, thinking he can be of no further use, he betakes himself across the country once more, and by the aid of the friendly elm regains his chamber without observation.

The lady, whom Tyrawley had deposited in a cottage, with a strong recommendation that she should go to sleep immediately, was soon carried off in triumph by Mr. Ravelstoke to the Hall, and welcomed by Lady Grace at half-past three in the morning. There were very few of the guests who slept undisturbed that night. The unusual noise in the house aroused everybody, and many excursions were made in unfinished costume to endeavor to ascertain what was going on. The excitement culminated when the miscellaneous assemblage who had conducted the captain and some of the crew to the Hall, after being well supplied with ale and stronger liquids, conceived that it would be the correct thing to give three cheers at the hour of half-past five.

It was then that Lord Todmulton, an Irish peer, laboring under an erroneous impression that the house was attacked, was discovered on the landing-place, in array consisting principally of a short dressing-gown, flannel waistcoat, and a fowling-piece.

Breakfast that morning was a desultory meal. People finished, and talked about the wreck, and began again. It seemed quite impossible to obtain anything like an accurate account of what had taken place. At last the captain appeared, and though almost overwhelmed by the multiplicity of questions, nevertheless, between the intervals of broiled ham and coffee, he managed to elucidate matters a little.

Then came the question, "Who is it who swam to the vessel?" Tyrawley had only been at Ravelstoke a few days, and was a stranger in the neighborhood. None of the servants had reached the coast till it was all over, so there had been no one to recognize him.

"I scarcely saw him," said the captain "but he was a dark, tallish man, with a great deal of beard."

"Was he a gentleman?" asked Miss Constance Baynton, who had been taking a deep interest in the whole affair.

"Well, d'ye see, Miss, I can't exactly say, for he hadn't much on; but if he isn't, he'd make a good one—that I'll go bail for. He's the coolest hand I ever saw. Stay! now I think of it, I shouldn't wonder if he was a naval man, for he pulled his forelock, half-laughing like, and said, 'Come on board, sir,' to me, when we pulled him up."

"Perhaps it was Rutherford," said Mr Ravelstoke, naming the lieutenant in the navy; "he is tall and dark."

"And he has been letting his moustache grow, since he came on shore," observed a young lady.

"Where is he?"

But Mr. Rutherford was gone down to the cliff, to inspect the scene of the disaster.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said the butler, "it could not have been any gentleman stopping in the house, for the door was fastened till the people came down to tell you of the wreck."

At this moment—half-past ten, A. M.—Mr. Tyrawley walked into the breakfast-room. He was got up, if possible, more elaborately than usual.

"Now, here's a gentleman, captain, Mr. Tyrawley, who has been all over the world, and met with some strange adventures. I'll be bound he never saw anything to equal the affair of last night."

"You'd a nearish thing of it, captain?" inquired Tyrawley, speaking very slowly. His manner and appearance quite disarmed any suspicion the captain might have had of his identity.

"Five minutes more, sir, and Davy Jones's locker would have held us all. Begging your pardon, Miss," apologising to Constance.

The captain had already repeated the story a reasonable number of times, and was anxious to finish his breakfast. So Miss Constance gave it all for the benefit of Mr. Tyrawley, dressed in her own glowing periods.

Tyrawley made no observation upon her recital, but took a third egg.

"Well, Mr. Tyrawley," said she at last, "what do you think of the man who swam out to the wreck?"

"Why, I think, Miss Baynton,—I think," said he, hesitating, "that he must have got very wet. And I sincerely hope he won't catch cold."

There was a general laugh at this, in which the captain joined; but it is to be feared that Miss Constance stamped her pretty little foo under the table.

Tyrawley turned, and began to talk to Miss Mellish, who was sitting on his right.

As he was speaking, the door on his left opened, and Lady Grace Ravelstoke entered with the lady passenger. The lady heard him speak—and there are some voices which a woman never forgets—and the dangerous journey over the rope had not passed in silence.

She laid her hand upon his arm, and said, "Oh, sir, how can I thank you?"

Tyrawley rose, as in duty bound, saying, "Do not speak of it. I did not know, when I came off, that I was to have the pleasure of assisting you."

But the astonishment of the captain was beautiful to behold.

"Why, you don't mean to say—— Well, I never;—dash my wig—well I'm—— Here, shake hands, sir, will you?" And he stretched across the table a brawny hand, not much smaller than a shoulder of mutton.

The grip with which Tyrawley met his, seemed to do a great deal more to convince him of his identity than the lady's recognition of their preserver.

The day was as wet as the preceding. Half an hour after breakfast, Mr. Tyrawley lounged into the back drawing-room. There sat Miss Constance Baynton, and, by the singular coincidence which favors lovers or historians, she sat alone.

Now Constance had made up her mind that she was bound to apologise to Mr. Tyrawley for her rude speeches of yesterday; she had also decided that she would compliment him on his gallant conduct.

She had, in fact, arranged a neat, quiet, cold, formal, appropriate form of words, in which she would give her views expression. And how do you think she delivered them? She got up, said "O Mr. Tyrawley!" and burst into tears.

If a proud woman's pride is a shield to thee, O man, as well as to her, against the arrows of love, remember that if ever she throws it away—after she has compelled you to acknowledge its value—you are both left utterly defenceless.

Frederick Tyrawley capitulated at once. They are to be married this month. And if Mr. Tyrawley does not, at some future time, achieve a reputation which no mystery can cloud, it will not be Mrs. Tyrawley's fault.—ONCE A WEEK.

LITERATURE OF WEDDED LIFE.

As we believe that the elements of high poetry exist wherever human hearts beat with true vital heat; and as we furthermore believe that the emotional and truly human life of a man and woman, so far from being over when, from lovers, they become husband and wife, then only begins to attain its full growth and capacity of bearing fruit and flower of perennial beauty and fragrance, we are tempted to inquire into some of the causes of this one-sidedness which we have charged the poets with, and to indicate briefly some of the real poetical capabilities of wedded love, and the sort of treatment they require in being wrought into actual poems.

The first and most obvious temptation to limit the poetical representation of love to the period before marriage, lies in the fact that this period seems spontaneously to supply that *beginning*, *middle*, and *end*, which narrative or dramatic poems are truly enough supposed to require.

Courtship, in ordinary cases, divides itself into two phases, the termination of each of which is a point of definite interest, towards which all the incidents, all the talk, all the surprises, suspensions, difficulties, and triumphs, which make up the plot of a love-story, are directly subordinated.

A man falls in love with a woman, and has to win his way by degrees more or less rapid and eventful, to her affection; this is the first phase, rich, as experience proves, in elements of poetical pleasure, which all men and women are capable of enjoying without effort.

Then follows the period, richer still in all the materials for varied incident, in which the social arrangements come in to interpose obstacles between the lover and his mistress, and to keep the interest of the reader or spectator always on the stretch.

The advantage is beyond all computation which this natural framework, made ready to his hand, confers upon the poet who seeks mainly to amuse his audience by a series of connected occurrences, in each of which the least cultivated, the least thoughtful, the least

generous, can take an interest that demands no strain, scarcely any activity, of the imagination, the heart, or the reason.

And the free, vigorous exercise of the imagination is so rare among mankind, that it is little wonder that poets have been content with making their appeals to sympathies that are sure to have been familiar to the hearts of their audience at some time or other in the actual experience of life, and need but the faintest outline of reality in the representation to awaken them again.

But though it must be allowed that the love of husband and wife offers no such obvious and facile series of connected incidents, with well-marked divisions, and all tending, by due gradations of interest, to one event; and though in proportion as the interest of poetry is made to turn less on striking outward circumstances, a heavier demand is made upon the imagination of both writer and reader, and a mere passive reception of familiar thoughts and feelings becomes no longer sufficient for the enjoyment of the poem; yet this only amounts to saying that poetry has some higher function than to amuse idle people, some nobler office in cultivating the heart, and enlarging the range of the inner life, than can be attributed to it so long as it merely strikes one chord of feeling, or at best plays over and over again, from the beginning of time to its close, the same old tune in different keys and on different instruments.

It is indeed quite true that it would be impossible to mark the commencement of any poem, which should deal with ordinary wedded love as its main subject by an event as definite as the first meeting of a man with his future mistress, or a feeling as definite, as distinct from his previous state of mind, as the first awakening of the passion that is to rule his life henceforward through the story.

The same remark applies as forcibly to the want of any event equally definite with marriage to serve for a termination, unless all such poems were to have a mournful close, and end with a death-bed, or fall into the old tragic vein of seduction, adultery and murder.

We must candidly consent to give up that source of interest which lies in the changes produced upon the outward relation, upon the union or separation of outward existence, between the two persons whose inner relations, whose mutual influence upon each other, and affection towards each other, are by supposition the subject of the poem.

There can be no want of incident so long as character influences fortune and fortune character; so long as the destinies of human beings in this world are carved out by their virtues and their vices; so long as wisdom and goodness sweeten the bitterest cup of adversity; so long as folly and wickedness infuse gall into the bowl of nectar which fortune hands her favorites in jeweled gold.

It is the stupidity of poets which can see no incident in married life so long as the marriage vow is kept to the letter in the grossest interpretation of that letter; and which has for the most part induced them, when they have introduced married people at all, to use marriage to give a spicier piquancy to intrigue, or a darker glow to hatred and revenge.

But this notion of want of incident unfitting married love to be a subject for poetry is closely connected with another notion still more false, vulgar, and immoral.

The romance of life is over it is said with marriage; nothing like marriage, is the congenial reply, for destroying illusions and nonsense.

In which notable specimens of "the wisdom of many men expressed in the wit of one," there are two remarkable assertions involved.

The first is that love is an illusion; the second, that marriage destroys it.

We may concede to the wisdom of the market-place thus much of truth, that the love which marriage destroys is unquestionably an illusion.

We may also concede to it this further truth, that the love of husband and wife is no more the love of the man and woman in the days of their courtship, than the blossom of the peach is the peach, or the green shoots of corn that peep above the snows of February are the harvest that waves its broad billows of red and gold in the autumn sun.

If, indeed, there are persons so silly as to dream, in their days of courtship, that life can be an Arcadian paradise, where caution, self-restraint, and self-denial are needless; where inexhaustible blisses fall like dew on human lilies that have only to be lovely; a world from the conception of which pain and imperfection, sin, discipline, and moral growth are excluded, marriage undoubtedly does destroy this illusion, as life would destroy it were marriage out of the question.

If, too, attracted originally to each other by some slight and indefinable charm, by some chord of sympathy vibrating in harmony at a moment's accidental touch, often by the mere force of the tendency at a particular age to what the great Florentine calls—

"Amor che al cor gentil ratto s'apprende,
Amor che a nullo amato amar perdona,"

two young persons fancy that this subtle charm, this mysterious attraction, is endowed with eternal strength to stand the shocks of time, the temptations of fresh attractions, the more fatal because more continual sap of unresting egotism, ever active to throw down the outworks and undermine the citadel of love; and trusting to it alone, think that wedded happiness can be maintained without self-discipline, mutual esteem, and forbearance, without the charity which covers the defects it silently studies to remove; without the wisdom and the mutual understanding of character to which profound and patient love can alone attain—this is another illusion which marriage will destroy.

What is, however, generally meant by the sayings we have quoted, is, that there is nothing like marriage for taking the passion out of people, for taking out of them all disinterested aspirations, all noble hopes and fears, all delicacy of sentiment, all purity of mind, all warmth of heart—nothing like marriage for making them see, in respectable money-making, in respectable dinners, respectable furniture, carriages, and so forth, the be-all and the end-all of human existence.

So far as marriage in our actual world realizes these noble predications; and, so far as it does, the result is mainly owing to the miserable views of life and its purposes which society instills into its youth of both sexes; being still, as in Plato's time, the sophist *par excellence*, of which all individual talking and writing sophists are but feeble copies—just so far is married love, if the phrase is to be so outrageously perverted, utterly unfit for any high poetry, except a great master of tragedy should take in hand to render into language the too common tragi-comedy of a human soul metamorphosing itself into a mere worm.

But surely every one can look round among his acquaintance, and find marriages that are not after this type, marriages which

"have wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind,
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find."

The romance of life gone! when with the humblest and most sordid cares of life are intimately associated the calm delights, the settled bliss of home; when upon duties, in themselves perhaps often wearisome and uninteresting, hang the prosperity and the happiness of wife and children; when there is no mean hope, because there is no hope in which regard for others does not largely mingle—no base fear, because suffering and distress cannot affect self alone; when the selfishness which turns honest industry to greed and noble ambition to egotistical lust of power is exorcised; when life becomes a perpetual exercise of duties which are delights, and delights which are duties!

Once romance meant chivalry; and the hero of romance was the man who did his knightly devoirs, and was true and loyal to God and his lady-love.

If with us it has come to mean the sensual fancies of nerveless boys, and the sickly reveries of girls for whose higher faculties society can find no employment, it is only another instance in which the present is not so much wiser and grander than the past, as its flatterers are fond of imagining.

To us it appears that where the capacity for general devotion, for manly courage, for steadfast faith and love exists, there exists the main element of romance; and that where the circumstances of life are most favorable for the development of these qualities in action, they are romantic circumstances, whether the person displaying them be, like Alton Locke, a tailor, or, like King Arthur, a man of stalwart arm and lordly presence.

Nor do we see that the giants, dragons, and other monsters of the old romance, are in themselves one whit more interesting than the obstacles that beset the true modern knight in his struggles to perform manfully the duties of his life, and to carry out the noble spirit of that vow which he has solemnly taken at the altar, to love, comfort, honor, and keep in sickness and in health, the woman who has put her youth, her beauty, her life, and happiness into his hands.

It may, however, be said that married life, when it is not utterly corrupted into crime and wretchedness; when, that is, it in any degree answers to its ideal—is necessarily monotonous; and that, though to the husband and wife it may be a perpetual source of discipline and delight, it offers no scope to the poet, whose story must march, his characters develop, and their passions and affections exhibit change, gradation, and culmination.

We have already admitted so much of this objection, as to concede to the period before marriage greater facilities for marked gradations of interest depending on changes in the outward relations of the persons whose fortunes and feelings are being narrated.

We have said that those outward relations

once fixed by marriage, the action of the poem which is to depict married love must lie within narrow limits, and that its interest must depend on more subtle delineation of shades of character and feeling, on a perception, in a word, of those effects which spring from the conduct of the affections in married life, and those influences which circumstance and character combine to work in the affections, and which, slight and common place as some persons may choose to think them, are important enough to make human beings happy or miserable, and varied enough to account for all the differences that an observant eye can find in modern family life.

And the fact, which few persons will dispute, that in our actual family life there is found, quite irrespective of distinctions of class and differences of wealth, every possible gradation of happiness and misery, of vulgarity and refinement, of folly and wisdom, of genial sense and fantastic absurdity, is a sufficient answer to those who talk of the monotony of married life as an objection to its fitness for yielding materials for poetry.

In real truth, there is much more monotony in courtship than in marriage.

A sort of spasmodic, and, to spectators well acquainted with the parties, a somewhat comical amiability is the general mask under which the genuine features of the character are hidden.

Moreover, the ordinary interests of life become throughout that period comparatively insipid; and lovers are proverbially stupid and tiresome to every one but themselves.

No doubt this has its compensating advantage for the poet, who transforms his readers into the lovers for the time being; but it certainly gives monotony to all manifestations of the passion in this its spring-time, which is not found in the same passion when the character has recovered from the first shock, and life, with all its interests, again enters into the heart, but invested with new charms and higher responsibilities, and with the deeper, fuller affections, swelling in a steady current through the pulses.

So much for those more obvious objections that may in great measure account for the almost universal rejection of married love as a theme for poetry.

We do not care to argue against any one who says, much less any one who thinks, that it is only young men and women who are interesting.

Even with respect to mere sensuous beauty, it is a great absurdity to suppose that its splendor and charm are confined to two or three years of early womanhood.

"Beaucoup de femmes de trente ans," says a shrewd French writer, after enumerating the supposed attractions of youth in women, "ont conservé ces avantages; beaucoup de femmes de dixuit ans ne les ont plus ou ne les ont jamais eu."

Certainly no Englishman who uses his eyes needs this assurance, and no one who delights in the society of women can doubt that they continue to grow in all that charms the heart and intellect, in all the materials of poetry after they become wives and mothers.

There is, however, one solid objection to the tenor of our remarks to which we are inclined to give great weight.

We can fancy many persons, for whose opinions we have the highest respect, protesting against the intrusion of the poet into the recesses of married life; against the analysis of feelings that were not given us to amuse ourselves with, against

> "Those who, setting wide the doors that bar
> The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
> Let in the day."

Literature was made for man, and not man for literature.

There are, unquestionably, scenes which the imagination had better leave alone, thoughts which should find no utterance in printed speech, feelings upon which the light and air cannot dwell without tainting them.

But without in the slightest degree trenching upon ground that should be sacred to silence, we conceive married life as one of the most powerful influences at work upon the character and happiness of individuals and of nations, to present capabilities of noble and beautiful poetry, that, so far from weakening the strength or vulgarizing the delicacy of domestic affection, would exalt and refine it.

We see no reason for supposing that the conjugal relation would suffer in purity of spontaneous power by being passed through the alembic of a great poet's imagination.

If it became the subject of morbid poetry or of weak, maudlin poetry—supposing such a combination of terms allowable—the same result would follow as from the morbid or weak treatment of any other powerful human emotion—the poet would influence only weak and morbid people.

Nor do we see that the danger is really so great of getting morbid, trashy, unhealthy poetry on this subject as on the more familiar subject of love before marriage.

It would demand qualities of genius which in themselves are a strong guarantee—the power and the taste of delineating subtle shades of character and feeling, a perception of the action of character upon fortune, an insight into the working of practical life upon the affections, and their reaction upon it.

Such topics are not to the taste, or within the capacity, of melo-dramatic or sensualized minds; and whatever good poetry was produced on the subject would, as all good poetry does, abide and work upon the highest class of minds, and go on ever spreading its wholesome influence, and giving the tares less and less room to grow.

Our domestic life is not so uniformly beautiful as that it may not be profited by having its faults, its shortcomings, its miseries, brought into the full light of consciousness, as only poets can bring them; and bright pictures of what that life might be, what it sometimes is in actual experience, may surely do good as well as give pleasure.

But we are not so much concerned to vindicate a large field of strictly ethical teaching for poetry as to open to her almost untried and certainly unhackneyed regions of beauty, pathos, and varied human interest; to bid her cease to stop at the threshold, and boldly, fearlessly, and reverently, penetrate into the inner shrine of love—cease to sing forever of the spring-green and the promise, and remember that love has its flush of Summer, and its glow of Autumn, and its Winter's lonely desolation.

One word before we close upon two special advantages to be anticipated from the habitual extension of poetical representation to married love.

The subject, in the first place, interests mature men and women, who must feel, at the perpetual iteration of the first stage of passion in literature, much as if their bodily diet were confined to syllabub and sweetmeats.

Poetry is comparatively little read by grown people who do not pretend to cultivate literature as a special study—mainly, we apprehend, because it confines itself to repeating, with a variety of circumstance, experiences which they have passed through, and of the partial and one-sided truth of which they have long ago been convinced by their more mature experience.

A poetry which interpreted to them their own lives, which made them see in those lives elements of beauty and greatness, of pathos and peril, would win their attention, stimulate their interest, and refine their feelings, just as much as the same effects are produced by ordinary love-poetry on the young.

We shall not argue the question whether the latter effect has been upon the whole for good or not; such an assumption lies at the root of all discussions upon particular extensions of the poetic range.

To us it appears indisputable that, along with some perils, the representation of any phase of human life by a man of genuine poetic power is a step towards improving that phase practically, as well as an enlargement of the range of that life which forms so important a part of a modern man's cultivation, the life he partakes by imaginative sympathy.

A second advantage which we should anticipate from the proposed extension would be the creation of a literature which would, in some important respects, rival and outweigh any real attraction which the properly styled "literature of prostitution" may have for any but *mauvais sujets*.

It may shock some good and innocent people to be told that such literature is attractive to any but abandoned men and women.

A statistical account of the perusal of the worst class of French novels by the educated classes of this Christian and highly moral country would probably be a startling revelation.

One can only say off-hand, that a familiar acquaintance with this class of works is commonly displayed in society; and the reasons are not very recondite.

These novels depict a certain kind of real life without reserve; there is flesh and blood in them; and though some of the attraction is due to the mere fact that they trench on forbidden ground, some to the fact that they stimulate tendencies strong enough in most men, and some to their revelations of scenes invested with the charm of a license happily not familiar to the actual experiences of the majority of their readers, there can be little question that one strong attraction they possess is due to their being neither simply sentimental nor simply ascetic.

In accordance with an established maxim, which tells us that *corruptio optimi pessima est*, these books are almost inconceivably worthless, even from an artistic point of view, but the passions of these novels are those of grown people, and not of babies or cherubim.

We can conceive a pure poetry which should deal with the men and women of society in as fearless and unabashed a spirit, and which should beat this demon of the stews at his own magic—should snatch the wand from the hand of Comus, and reverse its mightiest spells; though doubtless this task belongs more to prose fiction, as the objectionable works are themselves prose fictions.

In the poems we have already mentioned this has been done.

There is no reason why literature, or poetry in particular, should be dedicated *virginibus puerisque;* men and women want men's and women's poetry; the affections and the passions make up the poetic element of life and no poetry will commend itself to men and women so strongly as that which deals with their own passions and affections.

Again we say, we are not careful to guard our language against wilful misconstruction.—TRIAL.

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PERSONAL.

The reader may have had his attention called, in one way or another, during the last week, to the fact that we have just entered, according to the almanacks and other more or less respectable authorities, upon a New Year.

Desiring, therefore, upon this occasion, as upon all others, to be original—not to say startling—we take the liberty of wishing every body a *Happy* New Year.

But to be happy, this year or any other, you must be a subscriber to the SATURDAY PRESS.

We appeal in proof of this statement—in case it should not strike the reader as self-evident—to our present subscribers; in other words, to the happiest people (for the reason aforesaid) in the whole land.

Having gone thus far, we trust it will not be considered indelicate for us to add, that the price of the SATURDAY PRESS is three dollars a year, payable in advance.

Another fact which may interest the public is that the PRESS commences, this week, a new volume; and that now, therefore, is a most excellent time to subscribe.

Subscriptions will not be refused, however, at any time during the year.

We claim no gratitude from the community for volunteering the above information, nor shall we complain even if it results in putting us to much extra trouble in opening new books (which we rarely do open), and preparing new subscription-lists.

Our office (No. 64 Nassau street) is open every business day in the year for the express accommodation of the public; and we have contracted with the government and a corps of city carriers to deliver the paper with their usual promptness and despatch.

We repeat that we take to ourselves no credit for all this, only as we have wished everybody a Happy New Year, and pointed out the best way of making it so (subscribing to the SATURDAY PRESS we think was the way indicated), it seemed no more than fair that we should follow up our general advice with a few simple and practical details.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

I see, Mr. Editor, that some of you De Soto gentlemen are subscribing for a monument to dear old John Cooke.

Well, if you can find any marble white enough to build it with, I hope you will succeed.

Good men are so scarce that their memory should be preserved: and John Cooke would have been conspicuous among the *best* of men.

Like our good friend George Arnold, he was "one who in the last sifting will be sure to fall among the wheat."

And you know we are soon to have a monument for George, too; not, indeed, a monument of marble, but one composed of his delicious poesy, and set off with a memoir by his brother-poet and dearest friend, Willie Winter.

You should see, by the way, a portrait of George, just finished by his young friend Gerhard—an artist you may never have heard of, but one that you *will* hear of before long, or I am no prophet.

I saw a portrait by him, the other day, of Major Barstow, which was so natural that, if I ever did such things, I should have asked it to take a drink.

But, as you know, I am not on the drink.

And apropos, this reminds me that Charlie Gardette, who has just returned, as large as life, from Philadelphia, says that somebody asked him while he was there to explain the meaning of that joke in the SATURDAY PRESS, about Figaro having "died of rum and recklessness."

Charlie told him that it was probably a satire on my proverbial abstemiousness, and then made the man subscribe to an extra copy of the paper for supposing it could have been anything else.

Good for Charlie!

Still, Mr. Editor, I do like my tod once in a while—especially at Christmas-tide—and have just received a present of some of the best Old Holland's to be found this side of Wallack's, where you will find the oldest and best of Holland's in America.

But please, Mr. Editor, don't let any of your other writers kill me off, lest premature subscriptions be gotten up at the De Soto or Harry Clifton's (not to mention Pfaff's) for a monument to *my* memory.

Never you mind my memory, any how.

You needn't even publish my post-humorous remains.

I like to see a handsome marble column, now and then, but what is more precious to my thought than all else is my column in the dear SATURDAY PRESS.

That's the reason, you see, why I have come back to it, and why I am so grateful to "C. B. S." and others for having kept it in such splendid order for me.

I am grateful even to the one who first killed me and then kindly wrote my epitaph.

It was the rummest joke of the season, and strangely enough, was attributed to our friend DeWalden who (off the stage) wouldn't kil even an actor.

Nay, he has compunctions even *on* the stage, as witness the character in "Sam" whom he first kills and then—for fear he should be thought cruel—brings to life again.

I wish, by the way, that he would be equally compunctious in other things, and when he has a character like Bill Crockett to make up for again, would try not to make him look quite so much like me, who pride myself only on resembling Socrates.

However, Chanfrau's acting as "Sam" is so good—so *perfect* I may say, being fully equal to his "Mose"—that I withdraw all personal objections to the piece and recommend everybody who hasn't seen it to go either this afternoon or evening, as they will have no other chance.

It may also be the last chance of seeing "Mose:" but of this I am not so sure, as Chanfrau may take it with him over to Manager Wood's new theatre, opposite the St. Nicholas, where, he (Chanfrau) is to open on Monday the 15th, with a new piece by De Walden (toujours De Walden) and such other attractions as the town may demand.

This new piece, I may whisper in your ears, is to be a wonder.

So at least the author says, and if he doesn't know who does?

Of course, it is "taken from the French," but as the French won't know it when they see it, of course they can't complain.

One scene in it will be an "Arion Masked Ball at the Academy of Music" (the Academy to be brought down from Irving Place for the occasion, as nearly as I can learn); another is to be a "Fairy Fountain" such as was never seen even in Versailles; while a third is to be an acrobatic scene in which the famous Hanlon Brothers will appear;—and so on, extending even to a "Balloon Wedding," which I hear is to be the title of the piece.

The "Fairy Fountain," you may as well know, is a magnificent affair brought over from London the other day by Mr. William Hanlon who is ready to exhibit it side by side with the Niagara Falls or any other aquatic show ever heard of.

What the Hanlons themselves are I needn't tell you.

The moment I heard that Manager Wood had engaged them for his new theatre, I offered to go him halves in the enterprise and put in all my spare capital.

The spare capital dazzled him a little; but it seems he had had a previous offer from a couple of earlier birds who now have the worm (excuse the figure) all to themselves with five weeks' time to get fat on it.

At the end of the five weeks, away goes Chanfrau—away goes the "Fairy Fountain"—away go the Hanlons—away goes De Walden—and then comes, well, guess who?

Nobody less than Lucille Western with a new play by Gayler and a lease of the theatre running way into the Summer.

Not exactly a new play, for it has been done in Philadelphia; but new here and called "The Child-Stealer."

I wanted the name changed to "The Infant Robber," but Gayler couldn't see it; for Gayler, just now, is as inexorable as the Medes and Persians.

I have read the plot of the piece and it

makes my hair stand on end (what little I have left) to think of it.

There is a powerful character in it for Miss Western, and I have no doubt she will render it with power; for although she is by no means what is called a "finished actress," she possesses rare elements of strength, together with an earnestness of purpose which breaks through all obstacles and gives to every character she undertakes the quality at least of vigor.

I object to much of what seems to me to be affectation in her style, and have to lament, at times, the absence of that charming quality which we call grace; but to the multitude—and to not a few critics—these defects are more than atoned for by a conscientiousness as rare as it is commendable, and an ambition which commands respect even when it fails to excite admiration.

If Miss Western had been educated in a different school—if for example she had had the advantage common to every beginner on the French stage—I have little doubt that, with her rare natural gifts and her great personal attractions, she would, ere this, have taken rank among the most graceful and accomplished members of her profession: and she ranks among the most popular, as it is.

I have not seen her Miami and Madame St. Aubert in "Green Bushes," which she has been playing with great success at Niblo's for the last fortnight—and is to repeat, for the last time, to-night—but base my opinion chiefly on her Lady Isabel and Madame Vine in "East Lynne," with which I see she is to conclude her engagement next week.

I must try to save a night and sit it through, having seen the performance on former occasions only in fragments—not being able to stand the crowd.

That's the reason, also, why I didn't see Miss Rushton through on the first night of her Lady Teazle.

The house has been pretty empty, to be sure, since; but I havn't felt in the mood of going there, even to see Miss Rushton as Juliana, or Mr. Walcot as "The Man without a Head."

Moreover, I don't like the concern and don't know anybody who does.

Miss R. appears to be a very amiable lady, and in certain low-comedy characters I have little doubt she is a fair actress; but as her theatre appears to be under the upas-protection of Bennett, that fact alone settles its fate.

Just as it settled (or helped to settle) the fate of the Chicago opera-house, which is now in the hands of assignees.

Whatever cause that wretch espouses is sure to fail: and when you say that the grave of his infamous sheet is now being dug at the corner of Broadway and Ann street you speak the simple truth.

If he had ventured to repeat his outrageous attack of last Sunday week upon Edwin Booth, the grave-diggers, you may be sure, would have had to hurry up their work.

Why, if any representative of Bennett—above all, the reptile whom he employs to do most of his dirty work—had presented himself at the Winter Garden on Wednesday night—when Mr. Booth made his reappearance—it would have been difficult to prevent the public (unless scorn and contempt got the better of rage with them) from tearing him to pieces.

But there was no danger of any such creature making his appearance—no danger, in fact, of anything or anybody to disturb the occasion, which the public had spontaneously resolved—after the demoniac assault in the HERALD—should be an unmistakable testimony of respect and sympathy for Booth, and, by that token, of loathing and abhorrence for Bennett.

And such it was.

The play of the evening—"Hamlet"—was all but overlooked; the one feeling throughout the vast audience being to resent an act of inconceivable cruelty, on the part of a corrupt journalist (Heaven be praised not an American), toward a man who had excited in every manly breast sentiments of the most profound and friendly consideration.

But the subject is getting painful: let me change it, therefore, and defer speaking of Booth the actor until he is less prominently before us as Booth the man.

As for Bennett, he may be spoken of sometimes (in an ignominious sense) as an actor, but never as a man: he has all but placed himself out of the pale of human sympathy.

I wonder, after his fiendish though characteristic onslaught upon Booth, that at least every person connected with the theatrical profession didn't resolve from that time forth to avoid his Satanic sheet as they would avoid a pestilence.

But this is not changing the subject, is it?

Well, then, let Bennett go—go to the—(but no, I won't say that) while we see if there is not something decent to write about.

Indeed there is, but I have left myself no space for it.

Besides, I have been so long out of harness that writing about theatrical matters and such, comes rather hard to me—especially as for nearly six weeks I can hardly be said to have been in a place of amusement, except to enjoy the luxury of not being there as a critic.

But you wait till next week (you know I am always asking you to wait till next week, for some reason or other—laziness, probably) and then you shall have something, if I am in the mood, about every show, theatrical or other, in town—especially, my dear PRESS (for why not be magnanimous when we can?) everyone that advertises with you.

Meanwhile—a favorite word of mine, as you may have noticed—all I have to add is, if you will allow me to be numerical and methodical is:

1. That "The Poor Gentleman" is to be played at Wallack's to-night, with Mrs. Vernon, Miss Henriques, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Young, Mr. Holland, Mr. Norton, Mr. Ringgold, Mr. Graham and Prince Albert Robinson (excuse me for not putting the Prince first) in the cast:

2. That "Monte Cristo" is drawing such splendid houses at the Olympic that it will be continued for several weeks longer:

3. That the Bateman concerts with Mlle. Parepa—who has just taken proud old Boston by storm—as prima-donna, will be resumed this evening at the Academy of Music and continued on Monday and Tuesday, (after which the brilliant cantatrice must positively leave us):

4. That Chanfrau will play "Sam" and "Mose" next Thursday night at the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, and that he has sent a private box for the occasion to Henry Ward Beecher:

5. That next Monday John Owens will commence an engagement at the Broadway theatre with a new version of Solon Shingle (written expressly for himself):

6. That an extra circus performance will be given at Barnum's this morniug at 11 o'clock in addition to the usual performances (dramatic, equestrian and others), at 3 and 7½ in the evening:

7. That there will be a performance at the New York Circus, Fourteenth street, this afternoon at half-past two o'clock, this evening at eight, and every afternoon and evening till further notice, at the same hours, with Robinson in his great bareback act: and

8. That if I find time I shall see all these things (and report, or not, accordingly) as sure as my name is

FIGARO.

P. S. I have just picked up a little news at Brentano's, the most interesting items of which are that Rose Eytinge (one of my prime favorites) has left the Winter Garden; that Wehli, the great piano virtuoso, is back among us; that Mr. Fawcett Rowe, a well-known burlesque actor of the London stage, is about to join Mrs. Wood's company at the Olympic, following E. L. Davenport; that "Arrah-na-Pogue" is about to be brought out with great éclat in Albany; and that Wallack is preparing to produce Charles Reade's "Never too Late to Mend," with as splendid scenery and as fine mechanical effects as his stage will admit of—and a cast including Mr. J. W. Wallack, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Holston, Mr. Robinson, Miss Henriques, and Miss Ione Burke. F.

The first number of Ticknor & Fields' new weekly—"EVERY SATURDAY"—will be published to-day. It is made up, according to the plan of the paper, of selections from English magazines. Typographically, it is one of the handsomest issues of a weekly paper that we have seen. Of its literary quality, all we can say is that it is fair for a first number. Future numbers will, we trust, be more sprightly, at least.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Fire-Fiend and Other Poems. By Charles D. Gardette. 12mo. pp. 104. New York: Bunce & Huntington.

Hereward, or the Last of the English. By Charles Kingsley, author of "Two Years Ago," etc. 12mo. pp. 397. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Inner Rome; Political, Religious, and Social. By the Rev. C. M. Butler, D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Divinity School, Philadelphia; author of "The Book of Common Prayer interpreted by History," "Lectures on the Apocalypse," etc. 12mo. pp. 351. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

Winning His Way. By Charles Carleton Coffin. 16mo. pp. 26. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Eva, a Goblin Romance in Five Parts. By John Savage, author of "Sybil, a tragedy," "Faith and Fancy," etc. 12mo. pp. 100. New York: James B. Kirker.

An Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction; including also familiar pseudonyms, surnames bestowed on eminent men, and analogous popular appellations often referred to in literature and conversation. By William A. Wheeler. 12mo. pp. 410. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

(For the Saturday Press.)

AT GALVESTON, TEXAS.

BY H. L. FLASH.

We parted, love, some months ago,
In pleasant Summer weather;
You blamed the Fates that you and I
Could not remain together:
"Take this, my love,"—you gave a kiss—
"Let not this parting vex us:
I'll win papa's consent at home,
And you'll win Fame in Texas."

So, full of love and lager beer,
I went off like a rocket,
Your kiss still moist upon my lips,
Your picture in my pocket.
I thought of you both day and night,
Upon my lonely journey,
And gazed each passing hour upon
That picture made by Gurney.

I travelled many a weary day,
By land as well as water,
Tho' sore dismayed, thro' storm and shade,
(*Vide* Lord Ullin's Daughter),
I pushed ahead and reached at length,
This famous Island City—
I've looked around, but cannot find
That Temple—more's the pity!

That *Temple*—Fame's you know—of which
You've read in song and story:
And where you bade me write my name,
Among the Sons of Glory.
"O carve it, love," you proudly said,
"By Shakspeare and by Dante;"
The name *is* carved, but oh! 'tis nailed
Upon a wooden shanty:

And underneath is writ, that I,
Your lover and your poet—
('Tis painted on a six-feet sign,
That all the world may know it')
Will sell for cash—(the thing *will* out—
It is indeed of no use,
That I should try to hide the fact)
"All kinds of Western Produce."

I know, my love, you'll feel quite shocked,
But why should these things fret us?
We'll dream the Syrup which I sell,
Is honey from Hymettus.
The *Flours* I offer to "the trade"
We'll dream are fragrant flowers,
Which came—not from St. Louis Mills—
But from Parnassian bowers.

The Bacon which I have in store
(Extracted all the bone is),
We'll say was made from that rude boar
Which slew the fair Adonis.
The Whiskey—Dean & White's—I ship
Away from here to Mellicon,
Was taken—we'll fancy so at least—
From out the springs of Helicon.

Enough! enough! I give it up!
'Tis literary treason!
And ridicule the stainless Nine,
As well as rhyme and reason.
To mingle Poetry and Trade
This [illegible]
And use Parnassian flowers to dash
Fat hogs from Cincinnati!

The world is, love, this age of ours
Indignantly refuses
To take in payment of our debts
The product of the Muses;
Would shine upon the tuneful Nine,
And set the fates to grinning—
The Fates it tolerates, because
The hags are always spinning.

And so, lest I be deemed a drone,
And be by men forsaken,
I hide my harp from prying eyes,
And deal in Pork and Bacon.
I talk with eager business men,
Of trade, and current prices—
Of Egypt, too—the cotton there—
But not a word of Isis.

'Tis twelve o'clock—I must to bed—
Adieu, my blue eyed blessing!
Nor think because I deal in Pork,
My love's not worth possessing;
Sleep softly! Deep within my heart,
Despite the scoffer's scorning,
I'll keep a place for Poesy,
And dream of you till morning.

GALVESTON, Dec., 1865.

(*From Harper's Monthly for January.*)

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

Harper's Magazine, some time since, suggested a collection of typographical errors. The following may be accepted as a contribution in that direction. Many of these instances may be familiar, while many others have not before received special notice. Now for a beginning, with illustrations of paragraphs made ludicrous by the transposition of lines.

Two articles had been prepared for a New York daily (one containing a sermon preached by an eminent divine, and the other about the freaks of a mad dog), but, unfortunately, the foreman, when placing them in the form, "mixed" them, making the following *contre-temps*:

"The Rev. James Thompson, rector of St. Andrew's Church, preached to a large concourse of people on Sunday last. This was his last sermon. In a few weeks he will bid farewell to his congregation, as his physicians advise him to cross the Atlantic. He exhorted his brethren and sisters, and after offering a devout prayer, took a whim to cut up some frantic freaks. He ran up Timothy Street to Johnson, and down Benefit Street to College. At this stage of the proceedings a couple of boys seized him, tied a tin kettle to his tail, and he again started. A great crowd collected, and for a time there was a grand scene of noise, running, and confusion. After some trouble he was shot by a policeman."

A similar accident of the types lately occurred in the experience of a Western editor, who gave out two articles for his paper—one of a political subject, and another on fattening swine. What was his surprise, in looking over his paper on the following morning, to find that by some sleight of hand on the part of the printer, the articles had changed headings, and that one of them began:

"GREAT HOGS!

"Under this head, we include the clergy, the editorial fraternity, and the members of Congress."

Blackwood's Magazine mentions an odd incident which occurred to a book called "The Men of the Time." It seems that [illegible] a printing-office that some of the types, perhaps a printed line or two, fell out of the form. Those in whose hands the accident happens generally try to put things to rights as well as they can, and may be very successful in restoring appearances with the most deplorable results to the sense. It happened thus in the instance referred to. A few lines dropping out of the "Life of Robert Owen," the parallelogram Communist, were hustled, as the nearest place of refuge, into the biography of his closest alphabetical neighbor—"Oxford, Bishop of." The consequence was that the article began as follows:

"OXFORD, the Right Reverend SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, Bishop of—was born in 1805. A more kind-hearted and truly benevolent man does not exist. A skeptic as regards religious revelation, he is nevertheless an out-and-out believer in spirit movements."

When this blunder was discovered the leaf was canceled; but a few copies of the book had got into circulation.

The more frequent errors, however, are made by the change of a word or a letter. A lad in a printing-office, who knew more about type-setting than he did of the Greek mythology, in looking over a poem they were printing, came upon the name *Hecate*, one of the female divinities of the lower world, occurring in a line something like this:

"Shall reign the Hecate of the deepest hell."

The boy, thinking that he had discovered an error, ran to the master printer and eagerly inquired whether there was an *e* in cat. "Why, no, you blockhead," was the reply Away went the boy to the press-room, and extracted the objectionable letter. But fancy the horror of both poet and publisher, when the poem appeared with the line:

"Shall reign the He cat of the deepest hell."

Miss Gould, the poetess, gives a ludicrous incident in reference to a poem she had sent to a country editor. She says: "For the dew-drop that falls upon the freshly-blown roses," he made it "freshly-blown noses."

Dr. Kunze, a prominent minister of the German Lutheran Church in New York city, in the beginning of this century, addressed a communication on a vexed chronological question, to Mr. Lang, the editor of the New York GAZETTE. In his letter he adverted to the Gregorian style, and mentioned Pope Gregory. The faithful GAZETTE printed "Tom Gregory." The venerable Doctor hastened to his friend, and remonstated on the injury he had done him, and requested the erratum to specify instead of "*Tom* Gregory" "*Pope* Gregory XIII." Again an alteration was made, and the GAZETTE requested its readers "for *Tom* Gregory to read *Pope Tom* Gregory XIII." Only one more attempt at correction was made, when the compositor had the typography so changed that it read "Tom Gregory the Pope." The learned divine, with a heavy heart, in a final interview with the erudite editor, begged him to make no further improvements, as he dreaded the loss of all the reputation his years of devotion to the subject had secured to him.

An English writer makes reference to a volume of popular sermons, in which, owing to the negligence of the proof-readers, a deplorable number of typographical errors appeared. One of these, as if in reference to the subject, was singularly appropriate to the unhappy circumstances of the poor author; this form

"Princes have persecuted me without a cause," being made to read, "Printers have persecuted me without a cause." A religious paper, called the *Gospel Banner*, was once printed in the State of Maine, with the motto, "In the name of our God we *up set* our bannars," the two words "set up" being simply transposed. A New York paper speaking of a Russian loan of thirty thousand roubles, very quietly said by its types that the "Russian Government had advertised for a loan of thirty thousand *troubles*."

In Mr. Pycroft's "Ways and Words of Men of Letters," there is given a conversation with a printer: "Really," said the printer, "gentlemen should not place such unlimited confidence in the eye-sight of our hard-worked and half-blinded reader of proofs; for I am ashamed to say that we utterly ruined one poet by a ludicrous misprint." "Indeed! and what was the unhappy line?" "Why, Sir, the poet intended to say, 'See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire;' instead of which we made him to say, 'See the pale martyr *with his shirt on fire.*'"

During high party times in New Hampshire, the paper of one party boasted that

"The oracle of the day
Carries the sway."

The printer's devil of the rival establishment gained access to the office by the roof and altered the last word so that it read,

"The oracle of the day
Carries the swag."

At a great public demonstration held in England, after one or two unimportant speeches, a certain demagogue arose whose appearance was the signal for loud and enthusiastic cheering from the multitude. A party newspaper describing this in the course of its gratulatory and fervid report, said that the vast concourse had "rent [the air with their *snouts*."

At a meeting of the American Scientific Association, in Providence, the friends of the late Rev. Dr. Wayland were surprised to read an account in the papers that, after one of the evening sessions, the Doctor gave a "billiard party." The types should have pronounced it a *brilliant* party.

But really proof-readers are sometimes very negligent. A while ago, in speaking of Governor M'Dowell's speech in Congress on a certain occasion, the reporter's manuscript said:

"Many members *wept*, and among them Mr. Speaker Winthrop more than once gave way to his feelings in a flood of tears." The printed copy read, "Many members *slept*, and Mr. Speaker Winthrop more than once gave way to his feelings in a *flow of beer*."

The editor of the *Evangelical Observer*, several years since, in reference to a gentleman of whom he was writing said, he was *rectus in ecclesia*, that is, "in good standing with the church." The compositor, to whom this was a dead language, in the absence of the editor, converted it into *rectus in culina*, which, although pretty good Latin, somewhat changes the sense, as it accorded to the reverend gentleman spoken of only "a good standing in the kitchen."

A typographical error in a Cleveland paper made one of the hills of Japan only five hundred *miles* high. In the next issue the editor requests his readers to deduct 2,669,500 feet from the former statement.

The importance of correct punctuation is well illustrated by the following, which shows also that clergymen who recommend patent medicines should be very careful in their collocation of words otherwise they may convert a very *grave* matter into a ludicrous one. Read this, and put on it the meaning which is most natural:

"I continued on using it, and by the time I had taken five bottles I found myself *completely cured*, after having been brought so near to the gates of death by means of your invaluable medicine."

The following result of the omission of a comma is rather ludicrous. In an interesting article about the inauguration of a new hospital building in New York, the writer is made to state that "an extensive view is presented from the fourth story of the Hudson River." Here is another instance of strange mixture, contained in a paper announcing a person's decease:

"His remains were committed to that bourne whence no traveler returns attended by his friends."

Many strange mistakes are sometimes made in advertisements. An important mercantile house in New York had occasion to advertise for sale a quantity of brass hoppers, such as are used for coffee-mills. But instead of brass hoppers the newspaper said *grasshoppers*. In a short time the merchant's counting-room was thronged with inquirers for the new article of merchandise.

A paper in Buffalo had this novel correction: "In an advertisement which appeared in our last issue, for "Bumbleton's Storm Destroying Porringers," read "Hamilton's Worm Destroying Lozenges."

The writer remembers to have seen in a Philadelphia paper an advertisement of a political meeting, in which it was meant to be announced that Hon. Mr. —— would address "the masses." By the simple misplacement of merely a "space" the public was informed that the address would be delivered to "them asses at National Hall.

Campbell's celebrated Essay on Miracles was announced in one of the advertisements as "Campbell's Essay on Mangles." A dancing-master, in renewing his solicitations for patronage, wished to express his obligations for past favors, when the printer made him say, "most respectfully offer his shanks."

A gentleman of the press who does not write very legibly, lately sent to the compositors the following announcement: "The *Harpy*, another of the six iron steam built by Messrs. Dichborn and Mare, is ready for commissioning." The printer composed as follows: "The happy mother of the six iron steam vessels built by Messrs. Dichborn and Mare, is ready for commissioning."

Here are other instances illustrating the fact that no little mischief is often done by the change of a word. In the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, 1855, a writer has occasion to say that the "Diversions of Purley," an admirable volume on etymology by the celebrated Horne Tooke, "is a book of which even literary men often know but little beyond the title." The compositor, one would almost imagine, determined that they should know less, for strangely enough he entitles it "The Diversities of Barley."

The *Tribune*, in 1853, stated that Dr. Pond, the President of the Theological Seminary, Bangor, Maine, is giving lectures in that city to show that theology is no science, and that there is no truth in it whatever." The statement was at once passed round the daily press with great eagerness, and took the public by surprise as would a clap of thunder from clear sky at noonday. Notwithstanding the long established character of the worthy Professor, of course everybody was prepared to believe it, and very soon the world was told that he had become a gross infidel, and trampled the Bible under his feet like Paine and Voltaire. At length the TRIBUNE corrected the error, and said that by the carelessne[illegible] of the compositor *theology* was printed instead of *phrenology*—adding that the doctor in his theology was firm as the everlasting hills, but was no believer in phrenology.

An Eastern magazine lately gave as follows, three instances of the false combination of letters, showing that as among men so among types, "one sinner destroyeth much good." One who in writing in all innocency of a session of the Historical Society, affirmed mildly in manuscript, "All went smoothly," but weeks after was made to declare in blatant print, "All went *snoringly*."

Another flagrant example still shows its front on the page of a child's book. In the latest edition of "Our Little Girls" there occurs the description of a christening wherein a venerable divine is made to dip his *head* into the consecrating water and lay it upon the child.

Many instances might be afforded of strange and unnatural murders having been committed by a single letter. The Philadelphia Post contributes the following; "We seldom take notice of typographical errors except when the sense is greatly perverted by them. For instance, in our last paper, a biography of Newton contained the phrase, 'Yes, the *immoral* Newton lived like other men.' It should have been 'the *immortal* Newton." It will be noticed that there is only a t's difference between the two words, while there is an infinite nite difference between the two things." A New York daily paper, in 1855, committed a similar blunder, when, in consequence of a compositor's error, it announced that the inhabitants of New York suffer at present from a high state of *morality*.

Moore, in his Diary of 1818, says that he saw a very beautifully printed American Edition of "Gifford's Journal" published in New York; but in the preface, where he draws a parallel between Horace and Juvenal, he says "Horace was of an easy disposition, inclining to indolence." The American printer, however, had converted it into "inclining to *insolence*."

During the Mexican war one of the English newspapers hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that General Pillow and thirty-seven men had been lost in a bottle [*battle*]. Some other paper informed the public, not long ago, that a man had been brought before a police-court on the charge of having stolen a small ox [*box*] from a lady's work-bag.

"A rat" [*raft*], says yet another paper, "descending the river, came in contact with the steamboat——; and so serious was the injury to the boat that great exertions were necessary to save it." An English paper once stated that the Russian General Rackinoffkowsky was found dead with a long word

[*sword*] in his mouth. Another, in giving a description of a battle between the Poles and the Russians, said that the conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with great laughter [*slaughter*]. Another reported that a gentleman had been brought before a sitting magistrate to answer the charge of having eaten [*beaten*] a stage-driver for demanding more than his fare. We have sometimes had the misfortune to see "the internal relations of the church" converted into "the infernal relations of the church."

See, again, how the types dance and change into ludicrous terms in the following: The New York *Atlas*, some time since, speaking of a man of some celebrity, then recently deceased, undertook to say, "He subsequently commenced life as a legal practitioner, but was diverted from it by his love of letters." The editor did not examine his proof, and on the Sunday morning, at his breakfast-table, he had the pleasure of reading, "He subsequently commenced life as a legal politician, but was diverted from it by his love of bitters." By a typographical error in a newspaper the public was informed, some time ago, that "two cows were cut into calves [*halves*] by the railroad train."

The line,

"So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,"

has been erroneously printed:

"So the *stuck* eagle stretched upon the *plate*."

Some errors have, undoubtedly, been made with malice prepense. When the Rev. Dr. Croswell was editor of the old HUDSON BALANCE, a merchant by the name of Peter Cole chanced to get married. Cole, however, was very unpopular, and was not one of the brightest intelligences even of those days. The bride, also, was a little more *no* than *yes* in her intellectual furnishment. It used to be a common practice in the country, in sending marriage notices to the press, to tack on a bit of poetry in the shape of some sweet hymeneal sentimentality.

In compliance with this custom the groomsman added a line or two from one of the poets, where the bard speaks of the marriage state, "when *heart* meets *heart* reciprocally soft." The wicked boys in the printing-office, however, corrected the poet, making the line read thus:

"When head meets head reciprocally soft."

The perversions of Scripture made by printers are sometimes more than curious. The following are cases in point: The late Rev. William Jay, of England, printed a sermon on the text, "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." The printer made the last word to read *wife*. Mr. Jay corrected the mistake in his first and second proofs without securing the desired alteration. When he came to the last review, and noticed that the bad blunder had not been corrected, he wrote on the margin, "This depends altogether upon circumstances—change your 'wife' into '*life*.'"

It is related that a printer's widow in Germany, while an edition of the Bible was being printed at her establishment, altered that sentence of subjugation to her husband, pronounced on Eve in Genesis, so that instead of reading, "he shall be thy lord" [Herr], it said, "and he shall be thy fool" [Narr]. Copies of this edition were bought up at enormous prices.

Errors of a very serio-comic nature have occasionally occurred. An edition of the Bible was once published in England in which the word *not* was omitted in the Seventh Commandment. For this offense, whether by carelessness or design, the Archbishop imposed the heaviest penalty known in history. The edition was required to be called in and destroyed, and a fine imposed of £20,000 sterling.

An edition of the Roman Catholic Missal was once published in France, in which the accidental substitution merely of the *u* for *a* was the cause of a shocking blunder, changing, as it did, the word *calotte* (an ecclesiastical cap or mitre) into *culotte*, which means, in plain Anglo-Saxon, a gentleman's small clothes. The error occurred in one of the directions for conducting the service, where it is said: "Here the priest will take off his *culotte*."

The religiously-important loss of a single ter is seen by the following: A printer putting to press a form of the Book of Common Prayer, the *c* in the following passage dropped out unperceived by him: "We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye." When the book appeared, to the horror of the devout worshipper, the passage read, "We shall all be *hanged* in the twinkling of an eye."

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MR. I. H. TAYLOR,

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MR. CHARLES KEMBLE MASON,

who will appear as the King;

MR. W. A. DONALDSON,

who will make his fourth appearance in several seasons, as Horatio;

MRS. MARIE WILKINS,

who will make her fourth appearance at this theatre, as the Queen;

MISS EFFIE GERMON,

who will make her fourth appearance this season as Ophelia;

Polonius .....Mr. John Dyott
Osric.....Mr. W. F. Burroughs
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